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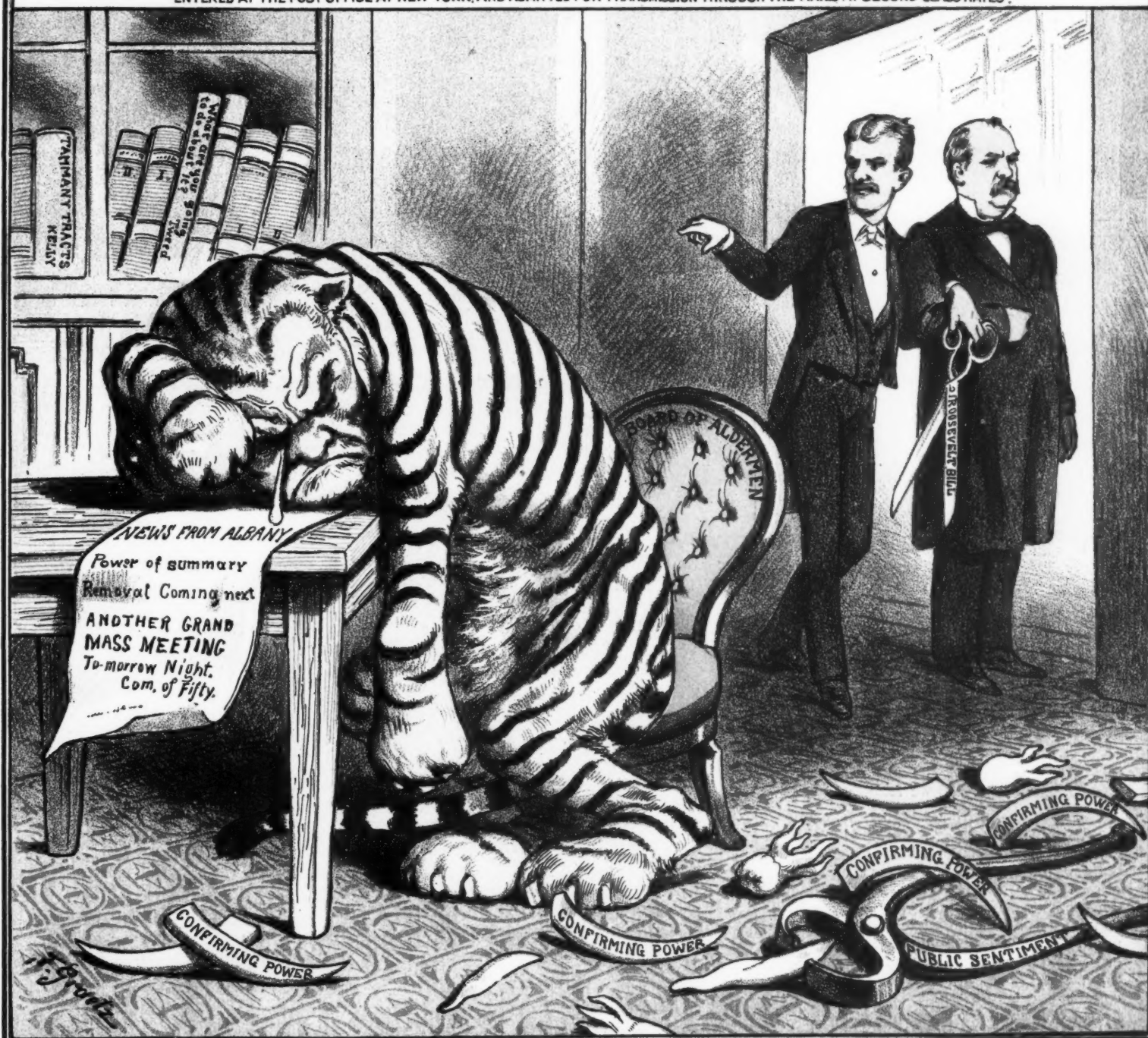


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SPECIAL NOTICE.

The INDEX TO VOLUME XIV. is now ready, and can be had on application at this office, without charge, or will be mailed to any address on receipt of two-cent stamp.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Robert T.
Lincoln, heAin't the *worst* man for the Presidencce.The northern lights that fill the sky
With wild conflaggerationAin't wuth the sun a quarter high,
Fer plain illumination.It ain't the safe all gilt 'n' paint
Thet dooz the surest keepin';
The old bass bull-frogs sometimes ain't
The slickest frogs at leapin'.The's some folks think a man's no use
Till he 's et up 'th wrinkles;
An' Life 's hed time to interdooce
Her humlier moral crinkles.Who hankers arter age *ez* age—
Except in stuff fer drinkin'?
Wut 's valled in the ancient sage
Ain't bein' too old fer thinkin'.The's older folks thet makes more noise—
But don't you make your bet thar—
Plain folks looks friendly-like on boys
Thet work, keep shut, 'n' get thar.An' here 's a boy, jes' qualified;
He 's young, I can't git round it—
His *stock* ain't new, though: *thet* 's been tried—
An' good 'n' squar' we found it!

* * *

Admirable as is the prospect for all honest men of the next Mayor's having the sole appointing power, there is still very much more to be done to give New York good municipal Government. If the Mayor is to have, as he certainly will have, absolute authority to appoint, he should have absolute power to remove or suspend in a way that would be equivalent to removal. We have a lively recollection of certain proceedings that took place when the Mayor of New York tried to get rid of some contumacious police commissioners and other officers. He couldn't do it. They fought him inch by inch. They demanded the right to

employ counsel. They clung to their posts with diabolic tenacity, as if they had invested money in a private business and did not intend to lose their capital.

* * *

It never occurred to them for a moment that their conduct savored of indecency, and that the people confer important offices of the kind as a trust and not as a means for politicians to get a good living for doing nothing. If the bill that has ruined the patronage of the Aldermen, and the other bills that are now undergoing consideration at Albany work as we think they will, one very important point will at least be gained—the principal municipal officers are not likely to be mere politicians. Whatever may be his political faith, no really good citizen cares to what national party the Mayor of New York may belong. Let him be Green-backer, Prohibitionist, Anti-Masonic, Democratic or Republican, so long as he is not a member of any "Hall," and will not make deals. There should be no question of politics in the government of a city. We will see if the honest vote of New York can not overrule the dishonest one.

* * *

Let us open our daily paper and see what catches our eye. "Washington." No, we don't want any politics; we have a surfeit of them. "The opera." We like music, but we are not inclined to discuss it now. "Dynamite." Yes, that is the thing we're after. Here it is: "Vienna Dynamite"; "Swiss Dynamite"; "Russian Dynamite"; "English and Irish Dynamite," and news from several other places where that lively explosive has attracted attention. From Vienna we learn that the police headquarters present the appearance of a bomb warehouse. It is not of English or American, but of Swiss origin. Servant-girls are in terror. The streets are deserted at night, and trade is almost at a standstill.

In Switzerland itself, where a very choice article of dynamite is made, it is not found lying around loose as in Vienna; but the authorities have an eye on those who are suspected of storing it for anarchical purposes in other countries. In Russia, just now, there is not much said about the explosive itself, but it is significant that twenty-seven Nihilists were arrested on the 20th inst. in St. Petersburg, four of whom were artillery officers. It is not easy to think of Nihilism without a slight suggestion of dynamite. But certainly the country where dynamite is getting the most advertising is Great Britain. The police feel as uncomfortable as the public, because the former can never find out where there is going to be a blow-up next.

* * *

When the explosion does take place, they point out the spot with unerring astuteness and exactness. Irishmen naturally are looked upon with suspicion, especially when they come from America, and their baggage is handled gingerly and with great circumspection. It seems to us that it would be much cheaper to let the Irish dynamiters have their circus, destroy a few lives, and then get hanged for their pains, than for the English Government to go to the expense of keeping an eye on every Irish tourist who visits England.

A news-dealer was recently walking up one of the main streets of one of our largest cities, when a masked highwayman jumped out from an alley-way and grabbed his PUCK'S ANNUAL out of his hand, just as many a dastard villain has forcibly come into possession of the diamonds of the actress out for a promenade.

In an instant the highwayman was caught, and the PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1884 restored to the owner. The affair got into the newspapers, and the next day a copy of this mirth-provoking book couldn't be had for love or money. We do not know exactly what the moral of this fable teaches us; but, while we are about it, it may not be out of place to say that PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1884 is now in its third edition, and may be had of any aesthetic news-dealer in the land for the virtuous sum of twenty-five cents.

"THE HOUR HAS COME, AND THE MAN IS HERE!"



JAMES BLAINE'S "REFLECTION" AS TO WHO OUGHT TO BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A SAMPLE DEBATE

Reported by PUCK's Special Telephonic Commissioner.

LONDON, March 25th, 1884.

In the House to-day Mr. Clarendon-Clarendon, M. P. for Putney-cum-Bugges, gave notice that he would, on the 32nd of next July, ask Her Majesty's Government if there was any satisfactory basis of truth in the report that American Pie had been imported in hermetically sealed cans into Her Majesty's Dominions, and also if Her Majesty's Government had any information at its disposal concerning the alleged deadly effects of the said imports.

Mr. Hewson Holston-Hertford, M. P. for Cholmondeley Ridings, deprecated any hasty and ill-considered action, which, he remarked, might imperil the friendly relations at present existing between the two nations, besides embarrassing Her Majesty's Government at a time when the most delicate diplomacy was required, and when the interests of Her Majesty's Government were, he thought he might assert without fear of contradiction, even more paramount than on ordinary occasions.

Mr. Cadwallader Hugessen-Bings, M. P. for Hugessen-super-Mare, felt it incumbent upon him, as one in whose hands the precious privileges and responsibilities of legislation, which he hoped he esteemed at their proper value, had been placed, to express his cordial sympathy with the honorable gentleman who had just spoken, and to assure the House of his hearty concurrence in the remarks made by the Hon. gentleman. Mr. Hugessen-Bings further said that he should feel that he should not be doing his duty by the constituency that had conferred that high honor upon him, were he to refrain, at such a period, from this expression of his opinion, an expression, he ventured to say, the propriety, nay, even the necessity of which was, as must appear to all loyal subjects of Her Majesty, clearly indicated to him by the finger of Duty. [Cheers.]

Mr. Clarendon-Clarendon begged leave to express a doubt of the accuracy of the Hon. gentleman's statement. [Hisses and cries of "Shame, Shame!"]

Several members called the Hon. gentleman to order.

The Speaker observed that he felt it his duty to reprehend language that, even if ambiguous, was in its essence unparliamentary, as well as derogatory to the dignity of the body over which he had the honor and privilege to preside. [Cheers.]

Mr. Clarendon-Clarendon explained that the remark wrung from him in the heat and excitement of debate had been misconstrued by the Hon. gentleman, for whom he expressed the highest respect and regard, both as a legislator and as an individual. What he had intended to convey was that he conceived there might be some exceptions to the unanimous approval of the Hon. gentleman's observations. For himself, he regretted that fidelity to the trust imposed upon him by his constituents made it necessary to oppose the views of the Hon. gentleman, and that he had understood the Hon. gentleman to imply that no loyal subject of Her Majesty would be willing to express disapproval of the views he [the Hon. gentleman] had advanced. For himself, however, he [Mr. Clarendon-Clarendon] would yield to no one in admiration and affection for, or in loyalty to, his beloved sovereign. He trusted that when the day arrived that found him recreant to his proud trust as an Englishman, or deficient in loyalty to his sovereign—he hoped that when the day arrived his tongue might cleave to the roof of his mouth. [Cheers.]

Mr. Briggs, M. P. for Briggstown, inquired if there was any immediate prospect of the ar-

rival of such a date, giving as his reason that he should feel it his duty, should such an event occur, to assume a garb of mourning symbolical of his grief at such a national misfortune.

Mr. Clarendon-Clarendon said that he was at a loss to grasp the exact object of the Hon. gentleman's inquiry, and would be pleased to be enlightened as to the Hon. gentleman's intent.

Sir Churchill-Churchill, M. P. for Godalming, suggested that the question referred to by the Hon. gentleman who had just spoken [Mr. Clarendon-Clarendon] might possibly—he desired not to be understood as making any positive allegation—might possibly, he repeated, have been conceived in a spirit of irony.

Mr. Cadwallader Hugessen-Bings felt it his duty, although politically opposed to the Hon. gentleman addressed, [Mr. Clarendon-Clarendon] to express the hope that the Hon. gentleman who had put the question [Mr. Briggs] had not been actuated by any such motive as that imputed to him by the Hon. gentleman who had just spoken, [Sir Churchill-Churchill.] He [Mr. Hugessen-Bings] would be greatly shocked, and, he might say, deeply grieved, to see a matter of such serious importance treated with anything approaching levity, in the distinguished body in which it was his exalted privilege to sit.

The Speaker warned Mr. Briggs that were such an occurrence to recur, under circumstances that gave a strong presumption in favor of the justice of the construction put upon the inquiry in question by the Hon. gentleman [Sir Churchill-Churchill] who had spoken just before the Hon. gentleman who had just spoken, [Mr. Hugessen-Bings] he [the Speaker] should feel it his imperative duty to have recourse to the last and most painful penalty which it sometimes, though, he was glad to say, but rarely, became incumbent upon him to inflict. He should be obliged—he again expressed his regret at being forced to say it—he should be obliged to name the Hon. gentleman.

Mr. Hewson Holston-Hertford trusted that such a painful necessity would not arise.

The House then adjourned, amid great excitement.

AN ILLUSTRATION TO A POEM.



"Oh, lift me to thy heart,
I die, I faint, I fail."

—P. B. Shelley.

THE YOUNG lady from Vassar does not speak of a clammy sweat, but of a bivalvular transpiration.

JAY GOULD has returned from Florida, and the alligators are no longer jealous.

Puckerings.

JAY GOULD must be a bear on the market. Even his visit South was "short."

THE KEELY MOTOR will be finished "as soon as the vibrators are adjusted." And now is the time for the Keely stock-holder to adjust the vibrator in the toe of his number seventeen cowhide boot and prepare for action.

A POET NEVER KNOWS all the subtle beauty of fame and a wide reputation until, on opening a catalogue of flower-seeds, he finds a quotation from one of his poems sandwiched between quotations from Emerson and Hannah Gould.

A THOUSAND YEARS in the sight of Providence are as one day; but we think we are not doing badly when we have a *Century* every month. No, Dorcas Rebecca, we did not write this. It was sent in by a minister of the Gospel.

ACCORDING TO natural history the giraffe has a tongue seventeen inches long. This only shows how valuable a giraffe might be for cleaning windows, because he could lick the dust off like lightning, and wouldn't require a step-ladder.

THE REASON that Bismarck does not wish to be his enemies' postman is that, in view of the number of enemies, the work would be more than he could manage. Besides, he has quite enough on his hands as "bouncer" to the Reichstag.

THE KEELY MOTOR is positively quite too far more than all but completed. Trains from Philadelphia will run this morning to New York, a distance of ninety miles, in two minutes. Only one four-inch soap-bubble is to be used for the journey.

ONE OF the many encyclopædias says in its definition of gold that a cubic inch of it may be stretched hundreds of miles on a silver wire. This will be rather surprising news to the man who can't make a cubic inch of gold go further than the corner.

THE HONORABLE HORATIO SEYMOUR recently remarked that "we are to have a hard struggle to keep our lead as a food-supplying country." And this in the face of the fact that this glorious nation gave to the world the great and original institution of the Free Lunch. Horatio, dear boy, you are too pessimistically previous.

ONE MINUTE it is sunny,
The vernal zephyr blows,
And then the airy snow-flake
Lights upon your nose;

Which satisfactorily proves the fact that the weather is so changeable that a man never knows in the morning whether to put on his top-boots or his Oxford-ties; his seal-skin cap or straw hat; his ulster or his duster, or his winter or summer clothes, or to get out the snow-shovel

Or the festive garden-hose.

IS HE the victim of a railway accident, this young gentleman with the broken head and the ditto nose, and the lacerated cheek and ecchymosed eye? Is he an unfortunate aeronaut, whose balloon went back on him in the vast altitudes of space? Has he been trying to coerce a mad bull, or has he succeeded in getting himself tangled up in a dynamite explosion? Not at all, dear friends. He is simply a prominent member of an amateur athletic club, and he has been sparring with a few friends in the contest for the championship.

HIS PANTALOOON TRICK.

The other day a long man who seemed built on the telescope plan, inasmuch as he worked up and down like an accordeon in action, walked into the establishment on a sort of limp, and said he wished to be measured for a pair of trousers.

In a few minutes he was led up-stairs to the measuring department, and placed upon the customary pedestal to be surveyed.

As he stood on the pedestal he leaned on his cane for support, and the surveyor noticed that his left leg didn't touch the ground at all, being something like six inches shorter than the right.

"How much for these trousers?" inquired the customer of the tailor.

"Ten dollars," replied the tailor: "and you can't get such a pair anywhere else for that price."

"You see, one of my legs is six inches shorter than the other."

"Yes."

"Therefore, as it takes much less cloth for one leg than for the other, you save something; and I won't let you make me a pair unless you allow me a fair and just discount."

The surveyor stopped his work immediately, and hung his tape-measure around his neck until the tailor and the customer made a bargain.

"I'll tell you the best I can do," said the tailor, scratching his face as though buried in deep reflection.

"What is that?" asked the customer, anxiously.

"It is this. In consideration of one of your legs being shorter than the other, I shall depart from our rules, and let you have the trousers for eight dollars."

"All right, you may make them."

The surveyor returned and measured the man, who, on going out, said:

"I will call for them—when will they be done?"

"On Tuesday."

"That means two weeks from Saturday, does it not?"

"No, it means Tuesday."

"All right, I'll call. Good-day."

And out he went.

On Tuesday he called, and, much to his surprise and delight, the trousers were done.

"I would like to try them on," said the customer.

"Certainly," replied the tailor, extending the trousers to the new customer.

In about five minutes the customer popped out of the dressing-room, and looked as though he would like to eat some one without salt.

"These trousers are all wrong," he said, angrily, as he hobbled out to the light.

"What's the matter?" asked the tailor.

"What's the matter!" shouted the customer, indignantly: "Just look and see what's the matter. But perhaps you can not see, and I'll save you the trouble by explaining. That man that measured me the other day has gone and made my trousers so that the long leg of the trousers comes on my short leg, and the short leg of the trousers on my long leg."

The tailor could scarcely keep a straight face. On the man's long leg the trousers just came a little below his knee, while on the short leg they hung away below his foot and flapped around in a languid sort of way.

"Is this the way you make clothes?" shouted the man.

The tailor by this time was dancing around to show how he felt, because he could say nothing, the trousers being too strong an argument against him. So he called up the man who did the measuring, and metaphorically danced all over him and marred his anatomy.

"I'll let you measure me for another pair," said the customer: "because I like the stuff."

"I'll guarantee the next pair will fit you all right," said the tailor: "I'll have you measured by a different man this time—our man who cuts the eighty-dollar dress-suits."

So the champion measurer of eighty-dollar dress-suits was led triumphantly forth from his lair and set to work. This time the man drew his right leg up almost to his knee, and stood on the left foot and the cane.

After the measuring was done, he said:

"You are sure that you have measured me right?"

"Yes."

"You are sure that this pair will have the short leg on the proper side?"

"I am."

"Which is my shorter leg?"

"The right one."

"Correct; now which leg of the trousers have you put down in that book for the shorter?"

"The right one."

"But will they be this way when finished?"

"Yes," said the tailor, who was standing near by.

"When will they be done?"

"On Friday."

"All right, I'll call. Good-day."

So the customer hobbled out, and when Friday came around, he was again surprised and gratified to learn that his trousers were done and awaiting him.

"I should like to try them on, and see how they fit," said the customer, with a wicked and unmistakable expression in his eye.

"Certainly," replied the tailor, as on the previous occasion: "certainly, we always guarantee satisfaction, and never ask people to take garments that do not fit perfectly."

So the man slid softly into the dressing-room, and emerged therefrom a few minutes later smiling from ear to ear.

"These fit perfectly. I am highly delighted. I am going to be married next winter, and will

come in about Christmas-time and have you build me a dress-suit."

The tailor rubbed his hands, smiled, and was more than flattered.

"These are eight dollars?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't like to see you stuck on that pair you made wrong. I should think they would do first-rate to mend these with."

"Capital idea!" roared the tailor: "capital idea! You may have them for three dollars, and that is less than the cloth is worth."

"I'll take them," replied the customer.

So both pairs were tied up for him, and he hobbled out home with them under his arm.

"I tell you," he said to his wife: "I fooled that tailor splendidly. First I made him believe my left leg shorter than my right, and then I made him believe my right leg shorter than my left. And I held them up so beautifully that he never suspected both legs to be the same length. I got him to make an allowance of two dollars on each pair for the cloth saved on the short leg. And the pair that I couldn't use, because of the short leg being on the wrong side, I got from him for three dollars to mend these with. So you see I have got two pairs of trousers worth ten dollars each for eleven dollars—a saving of nine dollars."

"But what use are they?" asked his wife, holding up her hands in amazement.

"I'll tell you: the long legs of the trousers fit me, and the short ones will fit the boy. Therefore, all you must do is to separate each pair, and sew the long legs together for me, and the short ones together for the boy, and then we shall each have a new pair—see?"

She admitted she saw, complimented her husband on his great head, and, getting him into a splendid humor, borrowed the nine dollars he had saved to get herself a pair of high-heeled shoes.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

MACHINE WORK.



We're happy Political Factory-Girls,
All day we are busy as bees,
In the wards where we live we control lots of votes,
And we do with them just as we please

Our boss is a dude and an elegant gent,
He treats every girl like a queen,
And the crookedest work we never will shirk,
On the Light-Running Arthur Machine.

CHORUS.—We're the gayest young girls ever seen,
About us there's nothing that's mean;
Oh, it knocks people cold
When they gaze and behold
The way that we run the Machine.

LENTEN LUNACIES.

OUR ARTIST SKETCHES A FEW OF THE POSSIBILITIES AND PECULIARITIES OF THE SEASON.



Beef is Down.



"I wondher av this is Egg or is it Mate?"



Keeping Lent—Can't Touch Any Meat.



Possible Result of Too Prolonged a Fish Diet.



New Design Suggestive of Lent.



The Fish that Always Bites, In or Out of Lent.

A SOLILOQUY BY SHAKSPERENORANO.

To be or not to be, that s the question: shall I dispense with trifles, go over hill, over dale, swift as a shadow, the observed of all observers, and tell to sweet Anne Page a deep story of a deeper love?

Yes! love give me strength, and strength shall help afford, true nobility is exempt from fear, delays have dangerous ends. I will away. There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; yet, list, O, list!

I am distilled almost to jelly with the act of fear; my two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres; my locks stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine, for the apparel oft proclaims the man; and, O, my prophetic soul! my Uncle! thou hast my auld cloak in thy possession—and, being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut—O, mischief, thou art swift to enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

Alack-a-day, the course of true love never did run smooth, but courage and comfort (like cold porridge), all shall yet go well; they say love is blind, sweet Anne Page will not know his breeches cost him but a crown, and are thrice turned, rich, not gaudy, an old hat, too, with "the humor of forty fancies" pricked in it.

O, horrible! most horrible! my Uncle, what a falling off is there, I'd rather be set quick i' the earth and bowled to death with turnips than—but comparisons are odorous, 'tis pride that pulls the country down, and to have the quotidian of love upon you, your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you denoting a careless desolation.

O, sweet Anne Page! this is the very ecstasy of love; 'twas told me thou hadst no more sense than a stewed prune, I find report a very liar, O, slanderous world! if I do not love her I am a Jew.

To be or not to be, that is the question: whether 'tis better to bear those ills we have, or fly to others that we know not of.

O, sweet Anne Page! thou hast gold—glittering, precious gold. I will confess thy father's wealth was the first motive that I wooed thee. Words are no deeds, I will away. Rude am I in my speech, and I am as ugly as a bear, not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; but give the devil his due, faith I can cut a caper like a man of steel, and honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar. Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

O, sweet Anne Page! how I love thee, how I dote on thee! I will haste to thee with wings as swift as meditation on the thoughts of love, and stick musk-roses in thy sleek, smooth head, both sitting on one cushion on a bank where the wild thyme blows. O, would I were a glove upon that hand; that I might touch that cherry nose beautified by plastering art!

O, that our fathers would applaud our loves, to seal our happiness with their consents. The time is out of joint, I must away to the fair, the chaste, the inexpressive she.

NORA LAUGHER.

THE MARCH OF TIME is generally best observed by the man who has a note falling due.

THE MELANCHOLY DAYS.

A pall of gloom hangs over the city. The corner gin-mills have mourning drapery over their portals. The proprietors are as sad as a stranded "Pinafore" company two thousand miles from home. The bar-tender, too, suffers from the general depression. He breaks the ice solemnly in making cocktails, and twists the lemon-peel funereally. He does not even rake in the cash over the bar or throw over the check to the customer with the usual sprightliness.

There is something wrong.

What is it?

Well, only this—that, by Governor Cleveland's assent to Mr. Roosevelt's bill, the rum-sellers known as Aldermen have had all the opportunity for outside profit taken away from them by the sole appointing power being given to the Mayor.

There is probably in the City of New York not a single retail whiskey-seller who has not contemplated the possibility of becoming an Alderman. By the cruel Roosevelt measure all these noble aspirations have been ruthlessly shattered.

He may be an Alderman, it is true—Aldermen, unhappily, have not yet been abolished—but of what use is it to be an Alderman when the office carries with it no manner of profit, when he can't prevent the Mayor from making a good appointment when a bad one would suit the Alderman so much better?

Is, then, the sadness to be wondered at? Almost all rights, privileges and patronage to be

swept away at one fell swoop! If the present and prospective Aldermen were not very strong men, we fail to see how they could withstand the terrible shock to their nervous systems.

Let us be thankful that they can stand it, although we can not help questioning the humanity both of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt and Governor Cleveland in inflicting such an awful punishment on such worthy fellow-citizens.

So the future Mayor of New York is to be an absolute monarch, and he is no longer to have a Senate of rum-sellers, elected by the élite of different wards of the city, to approve of his work!

It is truly deplorable. Next thing we'll hear of will be a Cromwell or a dictator at Washington.

"IT WAS at the close of a beautiful summer day in Suakim, Egypt, when a lone Osman might have been seen, closely pursued by British troops, wending his way across the distant," etc., etc.

If ANY sculptor wishes to gain immortal fame and have his name go floating down the centuries, he should embalm in plaster a couple of messenger-boys flying along at full speed. The great masses who buy statues find great pathos in those works of art that represent boot-blacks and news-boys, and, in fact, any style of boy that looks hard up or ragged. And to give the work the advantages of truth and a high art air, he might call it "Repose."

WALKING ON EGGS.

The process of walking on eggs has always been looked upon as a risky one—especially for the eggs; but yet, if one takes a glance over the field of politics, there appears to be a large number of men who seem inclined to run the risk. Experience teaches that it is better to have a firm roadway clear of obstacles, or not to walk at all, than to try the eggs; but experience does not go very far in politics.

Puck and Speaker Carlisle, as becomes their consistent Free Trade principles, were at the dinner last week given by the Free Trade Club at Delmonico's, and yet, with all the eloquence and the enthusiasm and the large attendance, it was evident that but few of what are called representative men were present. This was not because the representative men do not believe in Free Trade; but because they are frightened of it.

They want to get rid of the dreadful thing, and they don't know how to do it. They believe in it, for no thoroughly intelligent man can do otherwise; yet they refuse to question their understandings, and either handle the matter gently or do not handle it at all. Some of them keep golden silence; others say much in favor of Protection, and work themselves up to a pitch of enthusiasm on the subject, when they are Free Traders at heart. But they are frightened at the whole business—the mere mention of it scares them—and they are just waiting quietly to see which way the cat jumps.

Then, ah, then we shall see enthusiasm for Free Trade or Protection, as the case may be. The present is no time for the airing of the patent reversible double-ender principles. A few bold spirits like Carlisle and Watterson rush into the small breach that has been made in the walls of the citadel of Protection as a forlorn hope; but the following is sluggish, thoughtful and in doubt as to whether it will pay to advocate politically what they know to be true. Whether the principle of Free Trade is or is not a plank in the Democratic platform, the coming campaign will be an amusing spectacle, because probably as many Democrats as Republicans are Free Traders.

There are numbers of public men who are not in Congress of whom we should like to ask their views on the question. The simple answer: "Oh, I am a Free Trader," or: "I am a Protectionist," will not do, it must go much further than that. Why are you one or the other?

You are a Protectionist, eh? Always have been and always will be? Then you want to help to support a few thousand manufacturers in New England, New York and Pennsylvania, who are now practically living on the charity of the country, without regard to the feelings of the rest of the people and their occupations.

You are a Free Trader? Well, then, you desire to see a gradual and judicious reduction in the tariff, a revival of trade, and the American flag restored to the seas.

But you won't answer—not a bit of it. It is of much more importance to you to get patronage into your hands, and make a man a consul, or a clerk in the Treasury, than to fight for a great principle. Speak out! O, New York Sun, what are you on this Free Trade question? Let us hear a little from you, too, Mr. William M. Evarts, and a lot more like you. The road to the campaign is strewn with eggs; are you going to try to walk on them?

THE IMPECUNIOUS artist is now beginning to brace up and put on a smile of prosperity when he reflects on the heavenly fact that this year he may get lots of work in the shape of painting portraits of the Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates for the huge banners that are stretched across every thoroughfare.

HER PLATFORM GOING TO PIECES.



"BETWEEN THE TWO I SHALL HAVE A HEAVY FALL."

THE NEW RULE AT THE POST-OFFICE.



PERSONS COLLECTING MONEY-ORDERS MUST BE FULLY AND COMPLETELY IDENTIFIED.

FITZNOODLE AT HOME.

Gwosvenor Square, London, W.
March 10th, 1884.



Ya-as, in spite of tremendous pressure brought to bear on me from all directions, I have resolved aw not to offah my services to any constituency, eithah in the conservative or liberal interwest, faw the pwsent. I have an ide-ah that I shall wait until Gladstone

dissolves the House and there is a general election. Must come, yer know, verwy shortly, and it would be wathah absurd faw me to take my seat one day, and the Government have to go to the countwy the next. Verwy much obliged; but no, thanks.

Although I am not a membah, I have had just the same amount of twouble as if I were. The whole Cabinet worries me constantly, especially with weferwence to the twouble in Egypt.

"What aw am I to do?" said Gladstone to me, the othah day, just befaw the Cabinet Council met in Downing Street: "I am dwiven almost wild by my colleagues, and by Northcote with his fwriends in the opposition."

Fwankly, I aw do not know what to make of the ministry. Aftah Joe Chamberlain, pwesident of the Board of Twade, has been talking in the most wadical mannah, he dined last week with Queen Victorwia at Windsah Castle. I fail to see the consistency of my fwriend Joe's behavior. If I were a wadical, I think I should take every opportunity of snubbing the aristocracy and ignorwng the existence of woyalty. It won't do, yer know, to wun the Queen and the woyal family down, and then to wecognize them gwaciously by hob-nobbing with them.

I have not yet gwasped completely the situation in the Soudan, although I am fwee to confess that I aw have certain ide-ahs on the subject. Occasionally I discuss the mattah with the Pwince of Wales. We have been paying him another visit at Marlborough House. Bertie Wales nevah interferes verwy much in politics, and I don't suppose he would be at all pleased if he thought I would publicly pwoclaim his opinions; so I will wefwain fwom doing so. Aw, by-the-way, I am wejoiced that Wandolph Churchill and the Pwince have arwanged the pwivate difference existing between them. I wemarked to the Pwince, just as we were sipping our coffee on the terwace, the othah evening aftah dinnah:

"Aw, by-the-way, Bertie, Wandolph Churchill is not half a bad sort of fellow. Why don't you gwasp the hand of fellowship again?"

"Couldn't think of doing it, yer know," returned the Pwince: "I had an awful wow with Marlborough, his bwothah. It's aw too complicated a mattah to explain. Fitznoodle, de-ah boy," the Pwince continued, with emotion: "I weally couldn't do it."

Nevahtheless I took upon myself to see Sir Henry James, the Attorney-Generwal, and persuaded him to give a dinnah, in ordah to effect the weconciliation.

"Verwy well, I shall aw in all pwobability adopt your suggestion. A good idea aw," Sir Henry said.

The dinnah subsequently took place, and everything is all wight now aw.

Answers for the Aurious.

PUCK NE'ER RETURNS rejected articles;
But grinds them to a thousand particles.

H-NRY J.-M-S.—Too wild and thrilling. Cut out a few of the murders and moderate the explosion, and we'll think about it.

PAT ROWELOUS.—When a poem like that begins to crystallize far down in the cavernous amethystine depths of your soul, sit on it.

SALLY R.—Thank you. Shall we hold it over for next St. Patrick's Day, or will you take the Hibernian out of it and call it a satire on the 4th of July?

MAT.—No, we don't care to publish your "Comic Remedy for Corns." There is not much comedy in a corn; but it certainly has the call on your article.

JAMES G. P., Ansonia.—Yes, we knew it before we read it through. As soon as we saw the first stanza:

"Why, darling, prest within these arms,
Why dost thou shrink in fright?
Why art thou prey to such alarms?
Thy lover holds thee tight—"

we knew, to a dead certainty, that after a yard or two more of that sort of thing, the maiden would reply

"You're standing on my corn."

We have two or three poets chained up in the cellar who can do that kind of thing fourteen hours a day, without stopping. That is the reason we keep them chained.

PITY THE woes of the beggared bard,
Who is rustling around for to get a job
To spread his heart's poetical throb
In fair cash verse on the Easter card.

RUTLAND, VERMONT, is said to have the greatest slate industry in this country. The bar-keeper across the way denies it.

A CHAT WITH RIMAN-MANKAN.

When the *City of Chester* came alongside the Inman pier, the PUCK zoölogist instantly sprang aboard and was soon in the state-room of Forepaugh's white elephant. The Tiger-eater—Riman-mankan, in Siamese—for that is his name, cordially extended his trunk in welcome.

"I am delighted to see anybody from PUCK," said the elephant: "but I have no desire to come in contact with other reporters. I am sure they will not tell the truth about me—they may even go so far as to deny my whiteness. Now tell me, did you ever see anything fairer than my skin?"

The PUCK man said he certainly never had.

"I know I am very beautiful," continued the animal: "What think you of these," he said, holding out his delicate feet, exhibiting eighteen toe-nails: "I like your appearance, young man, and if you ever contemplate having a private billiard-table of your own, I'll cut the nails and present them to you; they will make capital billiard-balls. I'm no slouch in friendship when once I take a fancy to a fellow."

The PUCK Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary bowed.

"I suppose you want to know," Riman-mankan went on to say: "how I enjoyed the voyage? Didn't enjoy it at all. Don't know what I should have done had it not been for the brandy cocktails. Will you take one? Here it is, ready-made, if you don't object to drinking out of a bucket."

PUCK's legate produced his temperance badge.

"Eh—you don't drink? Well, perhaps you'll talk politics. Are the nominations made yet? Of course not; what am I thinking about? Wonder if Blaine stands a chance? If he does he'll get no vote of mine. I shall certainly vote for Tilden. Tell that gentleman that the Siam delegation is solid for Tilden and reform. Good-by; very glad to see you," and then the elephant jumped into a hack, sending his trunk by express, and drove to the Windsor Hotel.

The Grand Jury's on the Sheriff lighted,
That officer has been indicted.
Know ye all in this town benighted,
The Sheriff of N. Y.'s been indicted.
His blisses, alas! have all been blighted,
Simply because he's been indicted.
He'd be well off had he but kited,
Instead of remaining to be indicted.
We trust that his case may soon be righted,
Now that at last he's been indicted.

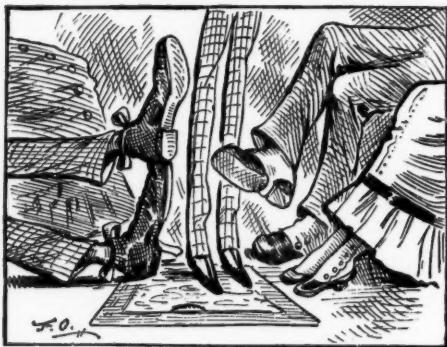
And if the Sheriff should be convicted,
He'll greatly regret that he was indicted.





LEAF.
e Above e Feat Performed by this Rising Young Frog.

REGISTER REVERIES.



No. VII.
AN URBAN ANTIDOTE TO IK MARVEL AND
CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

I think Patrick is putting a pound or two less coal in the furnace day by day. The weather does not tell us much about the progress of the season; but our Landlady knows by the calendar that Spring is here, and she is bound to recognize the fact, even if the weather-bureau does not. The lowering of the temperature does not greatly affect me. The breadth and length of my sole-leather give me an advantage over the others. There is more of me on the register than there is of any one else, and, my mouth being open the greater part of the time, I am enabled to imbibe, as it were, more of what warmth there is, and am thus enabled to keep my internals in a state of reasonable comfort. Yet these peculiarities sometimes subject me to discourteous comment. The Boarder Whom We Call Gaiters is generally a leader in the ribaldry. Thus it was the other night:

THE BOARDER WHOM WE CALL GAITERS.—I wish I had a patent mouth like yours, and then I could swallow some of the heat out of that furnace, and keep my dinner from freezing.

THE REGISTER.—Patents are only given on inventions. It requires brains to invent a mouth like mine. If you had had to invent yourself, you would never have got a patent on anything better than a chunk of original protoplasm.

THE BOARDER WHOM WE CALL GAITERS.—Then I should have passed myself off for an original article by you, and got myself copyrighted!

THE REGISTER.—I'm glad you didn't. It would have spoiled my reputation, and injured the cause of International Copyright.

THE BOARDER WHOM WE CALL GAITERS.—Then I wish I had. I'd like to injure the cause of International Copyright well enough. I'm for cheap books every time, and don't you forget it. No authors' monopoly for me!

THE REGISTER.—I believe you. You belong to the class of men who can not recognize property in brains. Your boots are your own; but you can't see that the man who invented the machine that sewed those boots has any right in his invention.

THE BOARDER WHOM WE CALL GAITERS.—Well, the invention ought to be for the benefit of the public at large.

THE REGISTER.—Why? Are your boots for the benefit of the public at large? Suppose you buy and sell grain—do you do that for the benefit of the public at large?

THE BOARDER WHOM WE CALL GAITERS.—No; but I don't ask the law to give me a monopoly of grain dealing. Grain ain't patented.

THE REGISTER.—Isn't it, though? Ask the man who raises it. Nature holds a patent on it, and the farmer, who is the manufacturer of the grain, pays Nature a royalty in the time he spends over plowing and sowing and reaping. And the farmer gets a clear title. Even if the seed blows into his field, and grows up without attention from him, he has a clear title to the crop. He may pass that title to you, and you will be protected in your ownership. Here is the case of an article that is an absolute necessity to the community at large, yet, so great are the proprietary rights of the individual, that the consuming public actually have to resort to special legislation to keep the commodity on sale in open market. I refer to the anti-"corner" laws. Yet the grain is none of your growing: you did not invent the process of germination. You own it, however. Why, then, should not the inventor own his invention?

THE DUDE BOARDER.—Oh, it's a question of Natural Rights, and—

THE REGISTER.—Hold on there, my young friend. If I twist the whipcord of primordial ethics around that poor little head of yours, and set it spinning, you'll think you are a tee-totum. When a man begins to talk about Natural Rights and Acquired Rights he is like the Chinese astronomers. The Chinese say—

THE LANDLADY. [*Suddenly waking up.*]—I don't care what they say. I can't bear the nasty creatures. I'll never have one of them in the house. It's bad enough to have those Irish washwomen all about the halls, but when it comes to a Heathen Chinese—

THE REGISTER. [*Calmly.*]—The Chinese say that the Earth is supported by a Stork, and the Stork by a Tortoise, and the Tortoise by—what? Dive down deep enough, and you'll find that there is no such

thing as Natural Rights. You can get to a negation in everything, if you will only get far enough back. All rights, if you want to indulge in that style of reasoning, are acquired; the only trouble with Authors' and Inventors' rights is that the Author and the Inventor put in their claims a little too late in the progress of the centuries—after the claims of the farmer and the builder and the butcher and the baker and the candle-stick-maker and the grain-dealer had been allowed.

THE BOARDER WHOM WE CALL GAITERS. [*Sulkily.*]—Most people are of my way of thinking, all the same.

THE REGISTER.—Not most people. But a great many people, I regret to say, are of your way of *not* thinking. Here is some idiot, in the Congress of the United States, doing the work of the monopolists and rushing through a set of bills that will do more to discourage inventors than any legislation ever thought of before. One bill permits Tom, Dick and Harry to pirate any man's invention, the inventor having to fight for damages in court. And this beautiful bill is so arranged that it will be almost impossible for any inventor short of a millionaire to recover damages. Another pretty legislative trifle shortens the term of patents to five years. If these bills go through, the next edition of Webster's Dictionary ought to define "Legislation" as "Robbery by Representatives." Suppose a bill were introduced to shorten the term of all railroad-company charters to five years—a melodious outcry there would be, wouldn't there? But rob the inventor of a patent car-wheel of twelve years' profit on his invention, and you find only six men in the House of Representatives to see the iniquity of the proceeding—six out of one hundred and twenty voting. Truly, the age of pure reason has not dawned yet; and there is not so vast a distance between prehistoric man and the dude as the dude's shirt-collar would imply.

THE BOARDER WHOM WE CALL GAITERS.—Prehistoric or present, man has got to sleep.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.—I think I'll retire.

THE REGISTER.—I'll go to bed.

And we all floated up-stairs.

ALDERMANIC VIEW

OF THE PASSAGE OF THE ROOSEVELT BILL.

THE PRESIDENT.—The Boord will come to ordher! Sit down, Mike! O'Grady, ye'd better put that bottle in yer pocket, or the Chair will confiscate it!

ALDHERMAN O'DWYER.—Misther President! I roise to a questchin av ordher. Has this blaggard Roosevelt bill bekem a law?

VOICES.—May the devil choke 'em, it has!

ALDHERMAN HOOLEY.—Begorra, 'tis a burnin' shame. Kelly said it wouldn't pass.

ALDHERMAN O'FINNEGAN.—Well, it had no right to pass, annyhow. Av I undherstand it, the Mare is free to appoint anny one he chooses widout consulting uz.

THE PRESIDENT.—Faix! he'll have a good time!

ALDHERMAN FINN.—Suppose the bosses won't let 'em sarve?

ALDHERMAN O'REILLY.—The papers sez the bill kills the bosses; they've divil a word to say.

VOICES.—Arrah! the papers is bloody fools!

ALDHERMAN O'CLANCY.—Who'll get the boodle?

ALDHERMAN MCFADD.—The party.

ALDHERMAN O'SHAUGHNESSY.—Phwat party?

ALDHERMAN O'ROURKE.—The Republikens.

VOICES.—To h— wid 'em!

ALDHERMAN O'BRINE.—I've lived in New Yarrak boy an' man since iver I kem to Ameriky—two years next spring—an' divil a party iver I heard had anything but a bald vote except ours. I move, Misther President, that we put down this bastely movement to thrate us like dumb bastes.

VOICES.—Seckind the motion! Dynamite 'll do it!

ALDHERMAN CLEARY.—Misther President, I move the Republican party be abolished!

ALDHERMAN O'FLAHERTY.—Misther President, I move an amindmint that Civil Service Refawrum be made illegal!

ALDHERMAN MAC MURPHY.—I seckind both motions, an' I'll kick the jaw off anny feller that opposes 'em!

THE PRESIDENT.—The honorable the Boord av Aldhermin (wait, Tim, I can't dhrink now,) makes a motion, duly seckinded, (lave off, Mulligan, ye know very well I'm too busy to smoke just now,) that the Republican party an' the Civil Service Refawrum (bad luck to ye, can't you lave the flask in me pocket till I'm through?) be revoked until further orders from the Boss. All in favor say (very well, thin, lave it until I get back to the saloon) aye. Contrharies, no. The ayes have it, the mayting is adjurned to my saloon, an' we'll dhrink the Boss's health.

VOICES.—Ye needn't put on airs wid yer saloon. Faith aich av uz has one. To the divil wid Roosevelt!

THE PRESIDENT.—The mayting is now adjurned. Let's shake fer dhrinks.

MANAT.

THE AMATEUR CIRCUS.

Private theatricals in the best society in England and France having grown a little stale, noblemen—gentlemen of leisure—in those countries have been looking around for something new; and seeing what an enormous success Barnum's circus has proved, have resolved to do something of the kind on a smaller scale.

As we take our fashions from England, the amateur circus will without doubt in a short time be all the rage here. The country that has acclimatized polo and coaching is not going to be left out in the cold when it comes to a question of amateur circuses. There are many drawbacks to private theatricals. They are not a healthful amusement. They give little exercise to the limbs, and many heart-burnings and jealousies are caused by them.

The circus, on the contrary, is well calculated to develop the muscles, and is altogether much more exhilarating than anything in the shape of drawing-room dramatics. Of course, many more rehearsals are required; but they are interesting, and not wearisome, as are those of the regulation private theatricals. It will soon be in order, both at home and abroad, to see such announcements as the following:

The members of the South Keokuk Amateur Circus Sociable have sent Miss Mamie Jones to Siam to purchase a baby white elephant for the club. Miss Jones is the best amateur acrobatic performer in the highest fashionable circles in the West. There are rumors that, against the wishes of her friends, she will enter the professional saw-dust ring.

Lady Petticoat Lane exhibited her marvelous powers as a snake-charmer last evening, at Lord Humpty Dumpty's, in May Fair, in the presence of a very select party, including the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Milk-porridge. The ring was unusually large, the entertainment concluding by the felling of a tree by the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone.

The Lenten Sewing Class met a few evenings ago at Mrs. Blaster's elegant mansion. The time passed very pleasantly, and the members were much gratified by a Roman chariot race through the picture gallery. Four teams were in the contest, and the prize, a fine point-lace handkerchief, was carried off by Miss Van Hoboken, a beautiful blonde with a fortune of a million of dollars.

Horatio B. Lugsy, the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the Crackion Club, had a small and select hippodrome party on Monday. Ten of the largest-sized elephants walked easily and gracefully about among the guests in the magnificent reception-room, and the masterly manner in which Miss Screamer Blazes, just from Vassar College, made the huge brutes waltz on their hind-legs without breaking any of the *bric-à-brac* drew forth marked expressions of approval.

Mrs. Porkpacker, of Fifth Avenue, has issued cards for a circus tea. Only distinguished ama-

teurs will participate. The nursery has been cleared for the donkey-races, and the trick-tigers are well housed in the china-closet. The Duke of Mint Julep is quite an expert on the tight-rope.

Sir Single Bullfrog gives ostrich and monkey reunions to his friends every Wednesday. Luncheon is provided. There are few professionals who can turn better somersaults or hang on by their eyelids with better grace than Sir Single.

In accordance with the prevailing fashion, Buckingham Palace has, by order of the Queen, been fitted up as a circus. There are to be State exhibitions instead of balls and concerts; but an admission-fee will be charged, not to exceed half-a-crown.

A PASTORAL IN MARCH.

Crooneth the wind in the pine-tree branches?

Hillioho, oh!

Perhaps you may call that a gentle croon,
But it sounds like the wail of a lost bassoon;
Hillioho, oh!

Springeth the grass in the sweet broad meadow?

Hillioho, humph, humph!

The grass does not rend the dark soil asunder,
For last year's grass has been just plowed under;
Hillioho, humph, humph!

Loweth the cow in the verdant pasture?

Hillioho, hi, hi!

No, for the pasture 's not verdant at all,
And the cow 's locked up in a small box-stall;
Hillioho, hi, hi!

Singeth the farmer abroad at the dawning?

Hillioho, ha, ha!

No, for the farmer is in the dumps,
And swearing like—well, he 's got the mumps;
Hillioho, ha, ha!

W. J. HENDERSON.

Rejected articles, ill-writ, mis-spelt,
Are not returned by PUCK or *Um die Welt*.

AN OPEN LETTER.

So, Alcibiades, you are dissatisfied with your second-floor-front, and think of taking a back parlor? It will save your wife so many steps; it will be so accessible; in short, there are a thousand advantages to recommend it to your favor. And you come to me for advice in the matter.

Well, in the first place, no one with self-respect should board. He should live in a tenement, in a flat, in apartments, until he can have a house of his own. But custom or supposed necessity generally dictates in such matters, rather than ethical considerations. Houses in favored districts are very expensive, rents are high, and so the boarding-house, the least worthy of imitation of all American "institutions," flourishes, and will doubtless for a long time continue to do so. But, in connection with a boarding-house, the most alluring and the most lethal trap set for the unwary is the back parlor. I have always had a desire to preach a sermon from this text, and must thank you for affording me the opportunity.

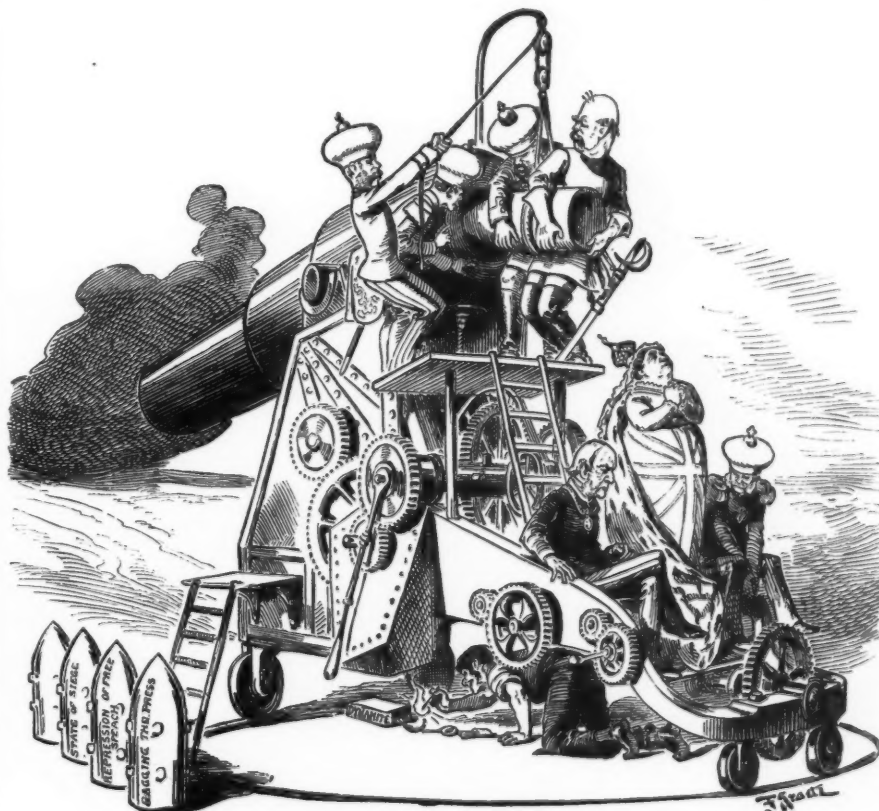
Know, then, Alcibiades, that I am, from conviction, unutterably and inexorably opposed to the back parlor. Its advantages are *nil*, and its disadvantages are legion. Follow me while I recount a few of the latter, which are incident not to any one back parlor alone, but to all.

Let us take the ordinary brown-stone box, twenty-five feet by one hundred, so dear to the hearts of the New York architects, and so monotonous in appearance to the casual stranger within our gates. The back parlor, originally designed for a dining-room, is directly over the kitchen. Why would you be apprised of the contents of the menu, by olfactory evidence, half an hour before dinner? American cooking has not achieved any international reputation for particular excellence, and its odors are not always delectable or even appetizing. Then, in a city like New York, where the servants are

so far the masters as to cheat the establishment out of one dinner a week, those servants will have followers. In fact, it is for the benefit of the followers that the servants coolly refuse to prepare dinner Sunday evening, leaving one to face the greatest impertinence of the age—the Sunday tea—as best he may.

Now the followers, good sturdy fellows—coachmen, very likely, or Aldermen—are also fond of tobacco. But not of good tobacco. And some evening, when your wife's aunt has dropped in for a visit, your room is pervaded by a perfume, as from some "unseen censer." But it is very likely to incense her, for in it the tobacco-leaf is to the cabbage-leaf as a dew-drop to the mighty deep. Your wife's aunt may not be mighty deep, but she hates even the odor of good tobacco. And besides she now, with feminine accuracy of intuition, promptly convicts you of habitual prevarication in pretending to have ceased using the weed,

DESPOTISM'S DOUBTFUL DEFENSE.



WHAT IS KRUPP AGAINST DYNAMITE?

for is not the smell a palpable proof of your faithlessness? *Falsus in uno*, etc. She goes home and changes her will, and cuts you off with a shilling for Tom, a time-server.

Again, if the window be opened, or the speaking-tube uncapped, you are regaled with snatch- es of the conversation from below, which is not necessarily of an edifying character.

In the butler's pantry, adjoining your room, there is a dumb-waiter, which is not altogether dumb when children pull it up and down with a jerk, at an unseemly hour in the morning.

I have just spoken of the sometimes over- heard conversation of the servants and their swains. But to those who have made a critical study of the New York landlady I need only say that her style of talk differs from the scope and tenor of kitchen conversation not perhaps so much in refinement as in effusiveness. This may possibly be overlooked at table, for man is proverbially tolerant and good-natured while being fed. But when the good landlady gathers together a few like herself, and sweeps down upon the front parlor for an evening's entertain- ment, then, Alcibiades, your lot is not to be envied.

With the illiterate—and I have often heard of landladies that came under that classification—wit, humor, *bonhomie*, *Gemüthlichkeit*—call it by what term you will—are all to be included in one term—horseplay. From this amiable and perfectly harmless kind of entertainment you are shut out only by folding-doors. But, Alci- biades, folding-doors are not conducive to folded hands. Perhaps, on this particular even- ing, you do not care to hear the latest chaff popular in business and sporting circles.

Possibly you might want to talk to your wife about some new book, or even to read one to her. In such case the innocent hilarity in the next room is of no particular assistance. And even when some one of the landlady's guests strums energetically upon the piano selections of music to avoid which you shun certain the- atres and concert halls, or walk a block out of your way to escape catching from a hand-organ, you are not essentially benefitted, and your wife is not reminded of Joseffy or Rubinstein or Von Bülow.

Furthermore, as your door at the end of the hall is partly of glass, you are restricted from announcing to your friends who call that you are "out." They can see your gas brightly burning, and you are thus estopped from enjoy- ing a widely employed social privilege.

These are all mere annoyances. Worse is to follow. Your room is situated directly over the sewer-vent into which every drain in the house debouches. You have chosen the most suitable spot in the world for the cultivation of malaria and typhoid fever. In fact, I once overheard this colloquy in a street-car, and I inferred that the speakers were boarding-house keepers:

"Fanny, we can not let that back parlor. The drains are dreadful. The plumbing is all out of order, and it is impossible to keep it in good condition."

And unto him answered his gentle spouse:

"Who cares if they do get sick, so long as we get the rent?"

Alcibiades, the curse of New York is the boarding-house, and the curse of the boarding- house is the back parlor.

A TRUE guide to the key-hole has been in- vented by one of PUCK's artists. It is a very simple contrivance, and can be worked by any man, no matter how late at night he may ar- rive home from the lodge, or the befuddled and unsteady condition he may be in after his ardent duties of the evening. It fills a want long felt. That is, it fills the key-hole, which, when wanted at times, has long been felt for. It consists of a tin funnel, which is screwed on

the door over the key-hole. When a man strikes the door, all he has to do is to follow the inside of the funnel, and he will strike the key-hole every time. It is a great invention, and keeps the key-hole from running all over the door.—*Peck's Sun*.

LIEUTENANT DANENHOWER is reported to have won his wife, as Othello did, by his thrilling tales of his "most disastrous chances." He first met her during his lecturing tour, and af- terward in private narrated his adventures in the Arctic seas, and so gained her heart as well as ear. But then many a young woman has been won merely by a judicious dispensation of ice-cream.—*New York World*.



OH, SEE the beautiful young lady with the chicken-coop and chickens on her head. She is very proud and happy. You may think that she is wearing her best opera-hat, but this is all a mistake. It is not an opera-hat at all that she has on her head, it is simply a chicken-coop and a few chickens. No, the chickens are not pets that she is afraid to leave at home, and she does not wear them because she thinks they are becoming to her. If she wanted to wear a becoming bird on her head, she would go to a fashionable hat-store and purchase one. And she is not doing it to pay off a church-fair election bet, either. She is doing it because her father is a mean man, and allows her no pin-money.

It may seem strange to your dull intellect that a wo- man should wear chickens on her head because her father is mean; because the wearing of chickens could not make him generous. She wants money, and she is ped- dling the chickens as the peripatetic Italian peddles Col- umbus and St. Paul—right off the head.

The birds are young and yellow, and may be readily peddled to the unsophisticated for canaries, she thinks. She will sell them all for a quarter, the amount that her horny-handed, bond-holding old father will not give her. And when she gets the quarter, she will go down the street, strike a beautiful Grecian attitude, and sing in words of music from the innermost recesses of her pure, white, spotless soul, as she hurls down the quarter on the news-stand:

"Give me a copy of the great American book of hu- mor, PUCK's ANNUAL for 1884, with rondeaux on the months, and the great Dynamited Dictionary."

This volume, now in its third edition, may be had of any news-dealer in the land for 25 cents. No chromos; no discount to clubs.

—John Stuart Mill had a pipe sticking around nearly every tree and nook of his spacious lawn. In his walks he regaled himself frequently with a smoke. He changed his pipe often, but when he struck a superior tobacco like Blackwell's Durham Long Cut, he stuck to it like a philosopher, evolving political economy from the smoke thereof.

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Those who cannot **ORIGINATE,**
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BROWN is not a more
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ROBINSON,

we are all aware, but some-
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but look well at the Bottle,
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Wrapped in Blue Paper, but
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"No horse motion on the
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Here 's his ragged "roundabout,"
Turn the pockets inside out;
See, his penknife, lost to use,
Rusted shut with apple-juice.
Here, with marbles, top and string,
Is his deadly "devil-sling,"
With its rubber, limp at last
As the sparrows of the past!
Beeswax—buckles—leather straps—
Bullets and a box of caps—
Not a thing of all, I guess,
But betrays some waywardness—
E'en these tickets, blue and red,
For the Bible-verses said—
Such as this his mem'ry kept—
"Jesus wept."

Here a fishing-hook and line,
Tangled up with wire and twine,
And dead angle-worms, and some
Slugs of lead and chewing-gum,
Blent with scents that can but come
From the oil of rhodium.
Here—a soiled, yet dainty note,
That some little sweetheart wrote,
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Wrapped in this—a padlock-key
Where he's filed a touch-hole—see!
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—J. W. Riley, in Indianapolis Journal.

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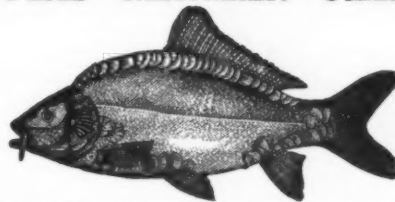
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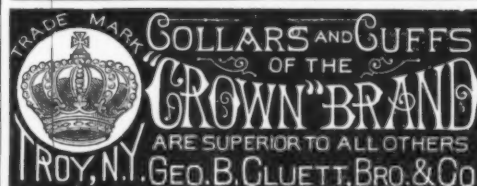
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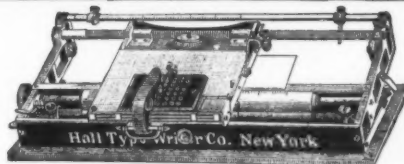
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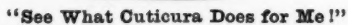
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Excite the appetite,
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And every bond bought of us on or before the 15th of April, is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders, sent in REGISTERED LETTERS and inclosing \$5, will secure one of these bonds for the next redemption. For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

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N. B.—In writing please state that you saw this in English Puck. The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any lottery whatsoever, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

HEALTH HINTS.—Don't shake a hornet's nest to see if any of the family are at home.

Don't try to take the right of way from an express train at a railroad crossing.

Don't go near a draft. If a draft comes toward you, run away. A sight draft is the most dangerous.

Don't blow in the gun your grandfather carried in the war of 1812. It is more dangerous now than it was then.

Don't hold a wasp by the other end while you thaw it out in front of the stove to see if it is alive. It is generally alive.

Don't try to persuade a bull-dog to give up a yard of which it is in possession. Possession to a bull-dog is ten points of the law.

Don't go to bed with your boots on. This is one of the most unhealthy practices that a man, especially a married man, can be addicted to.

Don't call a very large, strong, sinewy man a prevaricator. If you are sure he is a prevaricator, hire another man to break the news to him.

Don't allow the baby to drink the concentrated lye. Concentrated lye is dangerous, even in very small doses, except to a man who is accustomed to drinking Baltimore corn-whiskey.—*Scott Way, in Middletown (Del.) Transcript.*

A TRAVELER from Western Arkansas reports a curious poker custom in that section. Dropping into a grocery-store one evening, he found a game in full blast, and though the stakes were only represented by what appeared to be beans, the play, from the flushed and excited condition of the participants, was high. What struck him as peculiar was that after each hand the winner immediately swallowed the velvet, leaving his stakes for another deal.

"What are they playing?" he asked a spectator.

"Poker," was the response.

"What's the game?"

"Freeze-out."

"But what is the idea of eating up the chips? Don't the bank or the box cash them at the end?"

The spectator turned upon him a look of undisguised contempt.

"Them chips," said he: "is three-grain quinine pills, and the stomach's the bank. Gettin' on to the idee?"

And the traveler looked around after that to see if he couldn't find a few consumptives making a jack-pot of their religious convictions.—*Drake's Magazine.*

WARM weather will soon set in, and the festive male and female book-agents will make their appearance as thick as leaves on the trees, and the fighting-editor will get himself in condition to give them a warm reception. Heretofore the book-agent has been in the habit of going into a man's office as though he were an old friend of the family, tell two or three stories, and while the man is trying to think of the agent's name, he will pull a book from under his coat, and the gentleman will have to buy it to get rid of him. Lately, however, they have tried a new style, which has proved to be a grand success. This last dodge is played mostly by female book-agents. They ring the front door-bell, and when the lady of the house is called, as she thinks, to meet a friend, she is greeted with something of this kind: "I am one of those horrid female book-agents. I know you hate me, and I don't blame you; but I have to do something for a living," etc., etc. After talking in this strain for about fifteen minutes, the lady takes pity on her and buys a book. In this way she passes the summer months, going from house to house, and when the winter comes she has enough money saved to buy a seal-skin sacque and wear diamonds.—*Peck's Sun.*

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